QVERELA
SIVE,
DIALOGVS
Animæ & Corporis Damnati.

Quem aiunt S. Bernardum *ex nocturna visione composuisse.*

Ex vetusto Codice descripta.

Per GVLIEL. CRASH.

Legi libellū hūc Dantisq; bonus

LONDINI,
Ex officina *I. B.* sumptibus *Leonardi Becket.* 1632.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE COMPLAINT OR *DIALOGVE*,

Betwixt

The SOVLE and the BODY of a damned Man:

Each laying the fault upon the other.

Supposed to be written by St. BERNARD from a nightly *vision of his; and now published* out of an ancient Manuscript Coppy

Legi Londini Roerelig.

By WILLIAM CRASHAVN.

LONDON,
Printed for *Leonard Becket*, and are to be sold at his shop in the *Temple, neere the Church.*
1632.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Worshipfull, my worthy beloved friends, *Hugh Hare*, *Richard Brownlow*, *George Corke*, and *Iohn Walter*, Esquires, and Benchers of the honourable society of the *inner Temple*.

Mercy, Grace, and Peace

THe end, and highest happinesse of a Christian man, is to honour God in this life, and to dye well; the way to dye well, is to live well; and no better provocation to good life, nor preparative to a good death, than a continuall & serious meditation of the mortality of this life, the certainty of our end, the uncertainty when and how; the terribleneſſe of the last iudgement, & the account that each one must make then, who have not made it ere before, and crossed the det-book of their sins, by the bloud of

the Lambe of God. This made an ancient Father cry out: *When I think of that day, I feare and tremble; for whether I eat or drinke, or what ever I doe, I thinke I heare that terrible Trumpet ſounding in mine eares, Ariſe, ye dead, and come to judgement.* And to this end, the holy men of elder times willingly entertained all occaſions that might helpe them in theſe holy cogitations

One evidence there of is this ſhort and ſweet Dialogue, which (as a fore-runner of others that may follow) being divulged and deſired by many to be engliſhed, I am therefore induced to make it common; This being an age that needs all helps to holineſſe, and inticements to devotion: And this the rather, in as much, as tho it was made in the Miſt of Poperry, even not long after the Divell was let looſe; yet is it not tainted with Popiſh corruption, nor ſcarce ſmels of any ſuperſtition, whereas it is ſtuft with godly truths, and wholeſome inſtructions. My thoughts intended and dedicated it to your ſelves, and that worthy, vertuous, and religious Gentleman now with God, (the brother to one of you in nature, and to you all in faithfull Chriſtian love.) But ſeeing hee needs it not, God having provided better

things

things for him, and his ſoule now feeding on finer food in Gods glorious preſence, and bleſſed viſion of the Deity: take you it therefore, and that part of profit that might hereby have falne to him, and that part of my love, which herein I ſhewed him, divide among you: and as hee hath left behinde him to this Society, and all that knew him, the ſweet ſmell of a good name, for his many religious and morall vertues: ſo let me leave behinde me this little monument of the much love my heart owes you, and ſhall be willing to teſtifie by my beſt ſervice, as to this whole and honourable Society in generall, ſo to your ſelves in particular. To whom (without wrong to any other, I ſpeake it) I haue beene peculiarly beholden, and by whom my ſtudies have beene much advanced.

Now the God of Grace and Mercy, ſo guide you in the wayes of holineſſe and good workes, that at your ends your body may not blame your ſoule, nor the ſoule the body; but both ſoule and body may have cauſe to glorifie God their Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier, in whoſe love I leave you, and reſt yours in all Chriſtian duty.

INTERLOQVVNTVR.

Auctor.
Anima separata.
Corpus exanime.
Dæmones.

AVCTOR.

Nocte sub silentio
tempore brumali
Deditus quodammodo
somno spirituali:
Corpus carens vivido
spiritu vitali,
De quo mihi visio
fit sub forma tali.

2. *Cum dormirem paululum*
vigilando fessus

THE

THE SPEAKERS.

1. *The Author.*
2. *A Soule departed.*
3. *A dead Carkasse.*
4. *The Divels.*

THE AVTHOR.

IN silence of
a Winters night
A sleeping, yet
awaking spirit:
A liveleſſe body
to my sight
Me thought appeared
thus addight.

2. In that my sleepe
I did descry,

Ecce quidam spiritus
noviter egressus
De prædicto corpore,
virijs oppressus,
Corporis, cum gemitu
plangebat excessus.

3. *Iuxta corpus animus*
stetit & ploravit,
Et eam cum gemitu
sic interrogavit:
O caro miserrima!
quis te sic prostravit?
Quam munus tam prospere
pridie ditavit.

4. *Nonne mundus pridie*
tibi subdebatur?
Nonne te provincia
tota verebatur?
Ubi nunc familia
quæ te sequebatur
Cauda illa florida
iam nunc amputatur.

5. *Non es nunc in turribus*
de petris quadratis,

A Soule departed
but lately
From that foule body
which lay by,
Wayling with ſighs,
and loud did cry.

3. Faſt by the body
thus ſhe mones,
And queſtions it
with ſighs and grones.
O wretched fleſh,
that low who makes thee lye?
Whom yeſterday
the world had ſeene ſo high?

4. Waſt not but yeſterday
the world was thine?
And all the Countrey
ſtood at thy devotion?
Thy traine that followed thee
when thy Sunne did ſhine,
Have now forſaken thee;
(O dolefull alteration!)

5. Thoſe Turrets gay
of coſtly Maſonry,

Sed nec in Palatijs
magna largitatis,
Nunc delata feretro
Parva quantitatis.
Iaces nunc in tumulo
breviore satis.

6. *Quid tibi Palatia*
prosunt vel quid ædes?
Vix nunc tuus tumulus
bene capit pedes,
Quemquam falso iudicans
a modo non lædes,
Per te data nobis est
in inferno sedes.

7. *Ego inquam anima*
nobilis creata,
Ad similitudinem
Domini formata,
Donis & virtutibus
multis decorata,
At ab illa anima
quantum (heu) mutata.

8. *O caro miserrima,*
mecum es damnata.

And larger Palaces
are not now thy roome,
But in a Coffin
of small quantity,
Thou lyest interred
in a little tombe.

6. Thy Palaces, what helpe
they thee, or buildings?
Thy grave unneth's
of largenesse for thy feet,
Hence-forth thou canst
hurt none with thy false iudgings,
For thy mis-deeds
in hell we both must meet.

7. I, I poore soule,
oh! I a noble creature,
Formed and made
in likenesse of my God,
Adorn'd with graces
of most comely feature,
Am now so chang'd
as fouler than a Toad.

8, O wretched flesh
with me that art forlorne,

Si scires supplicia
nobis præparata
Vere, velis dicere
heu quid sui nata,
Vtinam ad tumulum
de ventre translata.

9. *Nec est mirum fateor,*
quia dum vixisti,
Quicquam benefacere
me non permisisti;
Sed semper ad scelera
pessima traxisti,
Vnde semper erimus
in dolore tristi.

10. *In pœnis acerrimis*
sum & semper ero,
Nulla lingua seculi
dicerent pro vero,
Vnam pœnam miseram
quam infœlix fero,
Sed quod magis doleo
veniam non spero.

11. *Vbi nunc sunt prædia*
quæ tu congregasti,

If thou couldſt know
how ſharpe our puniſhment?
How iuſtly mightſt
thou wiſh not to be borne,
Or from the wombe
to tombe to have beene hent.

9. This I confeſſe
no wonder, for in life
To one good deed
thou never wouldſt agree;
But to each greateſt ſinne
didſt runne with ſtrife,
For which, for ever
we muſt damned be.

10. I am, and aye muſt be
in bitter paine,
No tongue of living man
hath power to tell
One of the ſmalleſt
torments I ſuſtaine,
Where (which is worſt)
I muſt for ever dwell.

11. Where be thoſe Lordſhips
thou haſt laid together?

Vel celsa palatia
turres quas fundasti,
Et nummorum copia
quam tu plus amasti,
Gemmæ per quas annulis
digitos ornasti.

12, *Ubi lecti strati sunt*
tam miri decoris.
Vestis mutatoria
varij coloris.
Species aromatum
placidi saporis,
Vasa, mensæ, gaussapæ
nivei candoris.

13, *Ubi modo volucres*
vel caro ferina
Vel murenæ nobiles,
vel electa vina?
Non vitulis nec oribus
redolent coquina,
Talis peccatoribus
imminet ruina.

14. *Tua domus qualiter*
tibi modo placet

Thy

Thy lofty Palaces,
thy Caſties ſtrong,
Thy heapes of gold
which were thy chiefeſt treaſure,
Thy rings and Iewels
which about thee hung?

12. Where thy rich beds
thy ſumptuous Tapiſtry,
Thy change of raiment
many coloured veſture?
Thy dainty Spices
(baits of luxury)
Plate, Tables, Carpets
and rich furniture?

13. Where now thy wild Fowle,
and thy Veniſon,
Thy dainty fiſhes,
and thy choſen wine?
In thy now Kitchin
meat is dreſſed none,
Such plagues for ſinners
God doth ſtill aſſigne.

14. How lik'ſt thou now, poore foole,
thy latter lodging,

Eius

Eius nonne summitas
super nasum iacet?
Iam clauduntur oculi,
lingua tua tacet?
Nihil tibi supereſt
quod iam lucro vacet.

15. *Quicquid dudum miſero*
congregaſti more,
Dolo, fraude, furore,
metu, vel rapere:
Longæva per tempora
magno cum labore,
A te totum rapiunt
mors, humus, humore.

16. *Non modo circumdaris*
amicorum choris,
Cum per mortem cecidit
flos tui decoris:
Rapitur cuiuſlibet
vinculum amoris,
Tua iam triſtitia
ceſſavit uxoris.

17. *In tuis parentibus*
A modo non ſperes,

Th e roofe whereof
lyes even with thy nose?
Thy eyes are shut,
thy tongue cannot beiogging,
Nothing of profit
rests at thy dispose.

15. What erst thou hast
most wretchedly beene scraping,
By usury, deceit,
rage, and oppression,
In all thy life, with toyle
and greedy gaping,
Are hid by death
in earth and putrefaction.

16. Thou art not now
begirt with troupes of friends,
The flower of all thy beauty
lyes in dust:
The bands of every love
doe here take end,
Yea, thine owne wife
now thinkes all teares uniust.

17. In thy left kindred
henceforth trust no more,

Quia

Quia sibi remanent
Terra, Bacchus, Ceres,
Et thesauri copia
pro qua pœnas feres:
Mortem tuam breviter
plangit tuus Hæres.

18. *Non credo quòd Mulier*
tua, sive nati,
Darent quinque iugera
Terræ sive prati.
Vt nos qui de medio
summus iam sublati,
A pœnis redimerent,
Quas debemus pati.

19. *Iam scis care misera,*
quàm sit malè tuta,
Mundi nequam gloria,
fallax & versuta:
Repleta doloribus,
vitijs polluta,
Et veneno dæmonum
nequitur imbuta:

20. *Pretiosis vestibus*
non es nunc induta,

For

For, for thy Vine-yards,
fields of graſſe and corne:
And (which thy plagues encreaſe)
thy treaſured ſtore:
Few dayes (know foole)
thy after Heires will mourne.

18. I doe not thinke
thy wife, or children left,
Would loſe one penny,
or one patch of lands
For us, which are from her
and them bereft,
Though it might quite us
from theſe horrid bands.

19. Now wretched fleſh thou ſeeſt
how nought reputed
Is the worlds glory,
falſe, deceitfull, fell,
With anguiſh fraught,
with ſinne and vice polluted,
And clothed in the
noyſome bane of hell.

20. Thy garments, wretched foole
are farre from rich,

Tuum valet pallium,
vix duo minuta,
Parvo linteamino
ices involuta,
Tibi modò pauperes
non ferent tributa.

21. *Et licet non sentias*
nunc tormenta dura,
Scias quod supplicijs
non es caritura,
Nam testantur omnia
Scripturarum jura,
Quod tormenta post modum
mecum es passura.

22. *Te qui pater pauperum*
non eras sed prædo,
Jam rodunt in tumulo
vermes & putredo:
Sed ultra tecum nequeo
stare, jam recedo:
Ne seis ad opposita
respondere credo.

Thy

Thy upper garment,
hardly worth a ſcute:
A little linnen
ſhrouds thee in thy ditch,
No rents nor gifts men bring,
nor make their ſuite.

21. Thinke not, though yet
no torments thou endure,
Thou never ſhalt,
but ſleepe for ever free:
For all Gods Scriptures
which are true and ſure,
Witneſſe, at laſt,
thou ſhalt be plagu'd with me.

22. Thee which the poore
didſt rob, and not defend,
Wormes gnaw in earth
and rottenneſſe thy bone:
But longer ſtay I muſt not:
here I end,
To this, I trow,
anſwer thou knoweſt none.

Respondet Corpus.

23

Tandem postquam Anima,
talia dixisset,
Sese corpus erigens
quasi revixisset,
Postquam vero gemitus
multos emisisset
Quærit, quisnam talia
locutus fuisset,

24. *Es tu, inquit, spiritus*
meus, qui sic fatus?
Non sunt vera penitus
cuncta, quæ causaris:
Iam probabo plenius,
argumentis claris,
Quod, si quædam vera sint,
in multis nugaris.

25: *Fecit te (confiteor)*
in multis errare,
Et à bonis actibus
sæpè declinare:
Sed si caro faciat
animam errare,

The

The Body answereth.

23.

THus said the Soule: at last
the gastly coarse
t raines up it selfe,
as being new revived:
And with deepe grones
as if it had beene hoarse,
Ask't, who such witlesse
reasons had contrived?

24. Art thou, quoth it, my Soule,
which thus dost faine?
All that thou sayst
is neither true nor stable:
For I will prove,
with arguments most plaine,
If some be true,
in many thou dost fable.

I (as thou sayst)
have led thee oft astray,
And from well-doing
have enforc't thy love
But if the flesh
can lead the Soule away

Plus est culpa spiritus,
audi tamen quare.

26. *Mundus & demonium*
fœdus pepigere,
Et carnem miserrimam
secum coniunxere,
Quam si rigor animi
cesset coercere,
In peccati foveam
cadunt ambo vere.

27. *Sed ut mihi dixeras*
Deus te creavit,
Et bonam, & nobilem
sensu te ditavit,
Et ad suam speciem
pariter formavit,
Ut ancilla fierem
tibi me donavit.

28. *Ergo si tu Domina*
creata fuisti
Et dabatur ratio,
per quam debuisti
Nos in mundo regere:
cur mihi savisti,

The fault's more thine than mine,
which thus I prove,

26. The world, and power of hell
did both conſpire,
And did the fleſh
to them aſſociate;
Which if the conſtant
ſoule cauſe not retire,
Both muſt needs enter
at ſinnes wretched gate.

27. But as thou ſayſt,
our God did thee create,
Good, noble, underſtanding
he thee made;
And like himſelfe,
he faſhioned thy ſtate,
And made me ſervant
to what-ere thou ſaid.

28. Therefore, if thou my
Miſtris ought to be,
And reaſon had,
by which thy office was
Vs both to governe:
why didſt thou ſuffer me,

In rebus illicitis
et non restitisti?

29. *Num carnem ut animam*
instum est culpari,
Quæ se, cum sit Domina,
sinit ancillari?
Nam caro per spiritum
debet edomari,
Fame, siti, verbere,
si vult dominari.

30. *Caro sine spiritu*
nihil operatur:
Eius adminiculo
vivens vegetatur.
Caro quæ per spiritum
non suppeditatur,
Per mundi blanditias
mox infatuatur,

31. *Caro, quæ corrumpitur,*
per se malum nescit,
Carni sine spiritu
nihil innotescit.
Si, quod iubes, exequor,
culpa tibi crescit.

With-

Without reſtraint
in wicked race to paſſe?

29. Is't iuſt to charge
the body, as the Spirit?
Which being rightfull
Miſtris, yet will ſerve
To tame the fleſh,
the Spirit ought of right
With abſtinence, and
ſtripes, if ſhee'll not ſwerve.

30. The bodies workes
be from the Soule derived,
By meanes thereof
in life it flouriſheth:
That fleſh which by
the Soule is not aſſiſted,
By eaſie baits
the world ſoone vanquiſheth.

31. The body of it ſelfe
none ill hath knowne,
All that it knowes
proceedeth from thy head:
If I doe what thou bidſt,
the fault's thine owne,

Caro sine spiritu,
mortua quiescit.

32. *Si voluntas spiritus*
in opus ducatur,
Per carnem pedissequam
caro quid culpatur?
Culpa tangit animam,
per quam imperatur,
Id quod caro fragilis
vivens operatur.

33. *Carne quidem gravius*
tu peccasti crede,
Carnis sequens libitum
fragilis & fœda.
Sed rodunt mea viscera
vermes in hac æde,
Iam non loquor amplius,
anima recede.

Replicat Anima.

34.

ADhæc dixit Anima
tecum volo stare,
Et tua si potero
Dicta refrœnare,

For without thee
the body reſteth dead.

32. Why ſhould poore handmaid
(fleſh) be charg'd with blame
In working onely
as thy Inſtrument?
The ſoule commandeth all,
hers be the ſhame
Of all my frailties,
ſince I want judgement.

38. Therefore I weene
thy guilt exceedeth mine,
In following my luſt
ſo fraile, and foule:
But oh the wormes doe
teare me in my ſhrine,
I therefore ſay no more
fare-well poore ſoule.

The Soule replyes.

34

NAy (ſaid the Soule)
Ile ſtay by thee a while,
And if I can
thine arguments confute:

Vt quid mihi loqueris
corpus tam amare
Volens mihi penitus
culpam imputare.

35. *O caro miserrima*
quæ vivens fuisti
Stulta, vana, frivola,
à quo didicisti,
Verba tam asperrima
quæ iam protulisti?
Licet in aliquibus
recte respondisti.

36. *Istud enim consonum*
scio veritati,
Restitisse debui
tuæ voluntati;
Sed tua fragilitas
prona voluptati,
Nugis mundi dedita,
voluit hoc pati.

37. *Quando te volebam,*
O caro, castigare,
Verbere, vigiliis,
vel fame domare,

Why

Why rayl'ſt thou on me
in this bitter ſtile,
Striving to mee
thy whole guilt to impute?

35. Moſt wretched fleſh
which in thy time of life
Waſt fooliſh, idle,
vaine, why doſt thou wreak
Thy wra h in rayling words
to make new ſtrife?
Though for the ſubſtance
'Tis true that thou doſt ſpeake.

36. For truth it is,
and ſtands with reaſon plaine,
I ſhould have bridled thee
and rul'd thy will,
But thou through love
of pleaſure foule and vaine,
And ſenſuall appetites
mee reſiſted ſtill.

37. When I would thee
O body have controul'd,
And have ſubdu'd,
with watching, faſt, and paine.

Mox te mundi vanitas
cœpit effrænare,
Et illius frivolis
coegit vacare.

38. *Et ita dominium*
de me suscepisti,
Perditrix domestica
de me sic fuisti.
Per mundi blanditias
me post te traxisti,
In peccati puteum
tandem me misisti.

39. *Scio me culpabilem*
nam in hoc erravi
Quod cum essem Domina
te non refrænavi.
Sed tu me deceperas
fraude tam suavi,
Quare tu deliqueras
culpa magis gravi.

40. *Si mundi delicias*
dolos machinantis
Despexisses salui
sed & incantantis,

Straight

Straight the worlds vanity
did thee with-hold,
And to his vaine delights
drew thee againe.

38. So thou of mee
didſt get the upper hand,
And of my mildneſſe
made ſo bad conſtruction,
That thralling me
in worldly pleaſures band,
Eternally haſt drown'd
me in deſtruction.

39. I know my guilt,
and this my treſpaſſe was,
That being chiefe
I did not thee reſtraine:
But thou deceivedſt me
with ſo faire a glaſſe,
That thy offence
the greater ought remaine.

40. The vaine worlds practices,
baits, and delights,
If thou hadſt left
with ſtedfaſt conſtancy,

Dæmonis astutia,
è cœlo tonantis
Adhæsisses monitis,
essemus cum sanctis.

41. Sed tamen tripudijs
mundi fraus arrisit,
Ac vitam diutinam
firmiter promisit:
Quod meri non putabas,
sed mors hæc emisit,
Quando de palatio
ad tumbam te misit.

42. Hominum fallacium
mundus habet morem,
Quod magis amplectitur,
quibus dat honorem,
Illos fallit citius
per necis rigorem,
Et dat post divitias
vermes & fœtorem.

43. Qui tibi, dum viveras,
amici fuer[illegible]
Lacentem in tumulo
noluit te videre.

And so with-stood
Satans inchanting sleights,
Heaven had beene ours,
with Saints and Deity.

41. But flattering fancies
of the world did please,
And made thee hope
a lasting life to have;
Thou never thought'st
to dye, till death did ceaze,
And hal'd thee from
thy Court to dirty grave.

42. The world, and subtle
men, have both one guise,
Where most it smiles,
and most bestoweth honour,
There soonest it
deceives, soonest death cryes,
And changeth wealth
to wormes, to stench and horror

43. He which in life
did fawne, and was thy friend,
Will not now cast
a looke upon thy grave.

Corpus hoc intelligens
cœpit quasi flere,
Et verbis humilibus
ita respondere.

Respondet Corpus.

44.

QVi vivendo potui
multis imperare,
Aurum, gemmas, prædia,
nummos congregare,
Castella construere,
Gentes indicare,
Putasne quod credidi
tumulum hunc intrare?

45. *Optimum nunc video,*
et est mihi clarum,
Quod nec auri Dominus
nec divitiarum:
Honor, vis, scientia,
virtus nec herbarum,
Mortis possunt fugere
stimulum amarum.

46. *Ambo quidem possumus*
à Christo culpari,

Then

Then gan the body weepe
weighing this end,
And lowly, in his ſtile,
ſuch anſwer gave.

The body anſweretb.

44

In my life,
which had ſo great command
In Iewels, riches,
lands did ſo abound;
Built Palaces,
and iudged many a land.
Think'ſt thou I thought
of Tombe in this baſe ground?

45: Oh, now I ſee,
and finde it to my griefe,
That neither gold,
nor wealth, nor larger rent:
Honour, ſtrength, knowledge,
nor ſoverai gne herbs reliefe
Can cure deaths bitter
ſting, nor it prevent.

46, Before our God
we guilty both doe ſtand,

Et culpamur fateor,
ſed non culpa pari,
Tibi culpa gravior
debet imputari:
Multis rationibus
poteſt hoc probari:

47. *A ſenſato quolibet*
hoc non ignoratur,
Iura clamant, ratio
pariter teſtatur,
Ut cui plus præ cæteris
virtutum donatur,
Ab eo plus utiq;
tandem exigatur.

48. *Vitam & memoriam*
ſed & intellectum,
Tibi dedit Dominus,
ſenſumq; perfectum,
Quibus tu compeſcere
debebas affectum,
Pravum, & diligere
id quod erat rectum,

49. *Poſt quam tot virtutibus*
ornata fuiſti,

And

And both in fault,
but not both equally,
The greateſt burthen
lyeth on thy hand:
And this to prove,
full many reaſons lye.

47. No wit ſo meane,
but this for truth it knowes;
Iuſtice it ſelfe,
and reaſon both agree:
That where moſt gifts
of vertue God beſtowes,
There moſt is due,
and ought repayed be,

48. Life, Memory,
and powerfull underſtanding
God gave to thee,
and with it ſenſe of might,
Wherewith thou ſhouldſt
have curb'd, at thy commanding,
Concupiſcence,
and followed that was right.

49. Then ſince thy dower
of vertue, ſtretcht ſo farre,

Et tu mihi fatua
pronam te dēdisti,
Meisque blanditijs
minus restitisti,
Satis liquet omnibus,
quod plus deliquisti.

50. *Addo: licèt refero,*
corde cum amaro,
Quod mihi iam patens est
argumento claro,
Exeunte spiritu,
agitne quid caro?
Mouet ne se posteà
vel cito, vel raro?

51, *Videt ne, vel loquitur,*
hoc est ergo clarum:
Spiritus vivificat,
caro prodest parum.
Si haberet anima
Deum suum charum,
Nunquàm caro vinceret
vires animarum.

52. *Si Deum dum vixeras*
amissis perfectè,

And fooliſhly
thou gaveſt thy ſelfe to me,
And my entiſements
never would'ſt debarre,
That thy fault greateſt is
all men may ſee.

50. Farther I adde
(with anguiſh of my heart)
Which mine owne caſe
doth plainly demonſtrate:
The fleſh can nothing
doe, if Soule depart,
It neither moves,
nor ſtirres, early or late,

51. It neither ſees,
nor ſpeakes, then this is proved,
Then this gives life,
no power in fleſh doth reſt:
If then the Soule
rightly her God had loved,
The fleſh had never
her great power ſuppreſt.

52. If Gods love, living,
thou hadſt holden deare,

Et si causas pauperum
iudicasse rectè,
Nec prauorum hominum
ad hasisses secta,
Nec me mundi vanitas
concepisset, nec te.

53. *Quæ vivebam splendidè*
sericis amicta,
Ecce quæ de omnibus
sunt mihi relicta,
Putredo cum vermibus,
et hæc domus stricta,
Quibus post delicias
mundi sum amicta.

54. *Et scio præterea*
quod sum surrectura,
In die novissimo,
tecumq; passura
Pœnas mortis perpetes:
heu mersilla dura,
Mors interminabilis,
sine caritura.

And poore mens cauſes
rightly hadſt definde,
And unto wicked
counſels given no eare,
Nor mee, nor thee,
worlds vanity had twin'd.

53. I that liv'd gay
and gorgeous in attire,
Loe, what of all
now unto me remaines;
Wormes, rottenneſſe,
and narrow lodge of mire.
Theſe after all
delights, are left my gaines.

54. And, oh, I know
that at the latter houre
I ſhall ariſe,
and as I did offend
With thee ſhall finde
a ſecond death moſt ſoure,
An everlaſting
death, death without end!

Anima fatetur,

55

AD hæc clamat Anima,
voce cum obscura,
Heu si nunquam fuissem
in rerum natura
Cur permisit Dominus,
ut sim creatura,
Cum præscita fuerim
esse spiritura?
56. *O fœlix conditio*
pecorum brutorum,
Cadunt cum corporibus
spiritus eorum,
Nec post mortem subeunt
loca tormentorum.
Talis esset utinam
finis impiorum.

Interrogat Corpus.

57

CCorpus post hæc loquitur
Animæ tam tristi:
Si tu apud inferos
Anima fuisti,

The Soule confesseth,

55

WIth hollow fearefull voyce then howles the soule:
Oh, had I not
amongst the creatures beene,
Why with his creatures,
did God me enroule,
Whom he fore-knew
should perish thus for sinne?

56. Happy are you
brute beasts, happy your state,
You wholly dye
at once, and onely rot:
Once dead, all torments
cease, such is your fate.
Oh, were such end
for sinners, such their lot.

The body askes the Soule a question,

57

THen, quoth the Body,
to his pensive Ghost,
If thou hast beene
among the fiends in hell,

Dic mihi, te deprecor,
quid ibi vidisti?
Si qua spes sit miseris
deductore Christi.

58. *Quid ibi nobilibus*
paratur personis
Qui prius, dum vixerant,
sedebant in thronis?
Si sit illis aliqua
spes redemptionis,
Pro nummis, pro prædijs,
cæterisq; donis.

Anima respondet.

59.

Corpus, tua quæstio
caret ratione,
Cum infernum subeunt
damnatæ personæ,
Non est spes ulterius
de redemptione,
Nec pro eleëmosynis,
vel oratione.

60. *Si tota fidelium*
pietas oraret,

Tot

Tell me, I pray,
what saweſt thou in that Coaſt?
Is no helpe left,
from thence with Chriſt to dwel?

58. For Kings and great men,
what is their proviſion,
Which living,
Lorded it in high degree,
For them is any
hope left of redemption,
For mony,
lands, bequeſts, or other fee?

The Soule gives anſwer,

59

THe queſtion, ſenſeleſſe
body, wanteth reaſon:
For when to hell
the wicked damned be,
Redemption then is
hopeleſſe, out of ſeaſon,
Bootleſſe are almes-deeds,
prayers and charity.

60. If all the piety
of all men ſhould pray,

Si totam pecuniam
mundus suam daret,
Si tota religio
ieiunijs vacaret,
In inferno positum
nunquam liberaret.

61 Non daret diabolus
ferus, & effrenis,
Vnam vinctam animam
in suis catenis.
Pro centenis millibus
prædijs terrenis,
Nec quandoq; fineret.
ut careret pœnis.

62 Ad hoc quod interrogas
quid ibi paratur
Personis nobilibus,
hoc pro lege datur,
Quanto quis in seculo
magis exaltatur,
Tanto cadit gravius,
si transgrediatur.

63 Dives ergo moriens,
si impius damnatur,

If all the world
in price were offered,
If all good men ſhould
faſt both night and day,
For this not one
ſhould be delivered.

61. The roring divell,
cruell and full of rage:
For infinite of worlds,
or any gaine,
Would not forgoe
one ſoule, ſhut in his cage.
Nor eaſe his torments,
nor make leſſe his paine.

62. And to thy queſtion,
what is there prepared
For Lords and great ones?
Gods law is expreſſe:
The more that here,
one is advanc'd or feared,
More fearefull is his fall,
if he tranſgreſſe.

63. A rich man therefore
dying in his ſinne,

Gravibus præcæteris
pœnis implicatur,
Nam quanto delicijs,
plus delectabatur,
Tanto pœna gravior
sibi deputatur.

Auctor in visione,

64.

POstquam tales Anima
prompserat mœrores,
Ecce duo dæmones,
pice nigriores,
Quos penna describere
non possunt scriptores,
Nec mundi depingere
totius pictores.

65. *Ferreos in manibus*
stimulos gerentes,
Igneumq; sulphureum
per os emittentes,
Similes ligonibus
sunt eorum dentes.
Visi sunt exnaribus
prodire serpentes,

No man ſhall ſharper
torments feele than he,
How much more pleaſures
that he lived in,
So much more grievous
ſhall his torment be.

The Author in viſion.

64

AFter the Soule had ſaid
theſe mournfull words,
Behold, two fiends
more blacke then pitch or night,
Whoſe ſhapes with pen
to write, no wit affords;
Nor any hand of
Painter, pourtray right.

65. Sharpe ſteely pricks
they did in each hand beare,
Sulphure and fire
flaming, they breathed out;
Tusked their teeth
like crooked Mattocks were,
And from their noſtrils,
ſnakes crawl'd round about.

66 *Aures erant patulæ,*
sanie fluentes,
Et erant in frontibus
cornua gerentes,
Per extrema cornuum
venenum fundentes,
Digiterum vngulæ
ut aprorum dentes.
67 *Isti cum fumiculis*
animam ceperunt,
Quam secum ad inferos
gementem traxerunt.
Mox maligni spiritus,
passim occurrerunt,
Qui vice tripudij
dentibus stridebunt.
68 *Et ei cum talibus*
votis applaudebunt.
Quidam cum corrigijs
ipsam perstrinxerunt.
Quidam uncis ferreis
ipsam disruperunt.
Quidam plumbum fervidum
in eam fuderunt.

66. Their eares with running
ſores, hung flapping low,
Foule filthy hornes, in their
blacke browes they wore,
Full of thicke poyſon
which from them did flow,
Their nayles were like
the tuſhes of a Bore.

67. Theſe Fiends in chaines,
faſt bound this wretched ſoule,
And with them, hal'd her,
howling into hell:
To whom, on flockes,
ran other divels more,
And gnaſhing with their teeth,
to dancing fell.

68 They welcomed her, with
greetings full of woe,
Some wreſted her with cords]
ſenſeleſſe of dread,
Some ſnatcht & tore with hooks
drawne to and fro;
Some for her welcome
powr'd on ſcalding lead.

Dæmones.

69

ADhæc dicunt dæmones,
quasi fatigati.
Ij qui nobis serviunt,
sic sunt honorati.
Possis modo dicere
sicut buso crati,
Sed debes in centuplum
duriora pati.

Anima exclamat.

70

POst hæc tandem Anima
Gemens suspiravit,
Et voce qua poterat,
parum murmuravit:
Quando vero baratri
limen subintravit,
IESV Fili David,
Eiulans sonavit.

Divels

69

SVch horror we doe
on our ſervants load,
Then (as halfe wearied)
the divels cryed,
Now art thou worſe
then was the crawling Toade,
Yet thouſand-fold
worſe torments thee abide.

The Soule cryes out,

70

AFter all this, the groaning
ſoule deepe ſighed,
And with what voyce
it could, low murmured;
But when within the gates
of hell ſhe entred,
Shee howled out,
IESVS the Sonne of *David.*

Demones respondent.

71

CONclamantes dæmones
responderunt ei:
Tardè nimis invocas
nomen tui Dei.
Parum prodest àmodò,
miserere mei,
Non est ultra veniæ
spes, non requiei.
72 *Non lumen de cætero*
videbis diei,
Decor iam mutabitur
tuæ faciei
Nostra sociaberis
debinc aciei.
Erit apud inferos
hoc solamen ei.

Auctor concludit.

73

TAlia dum viderам
dormiens expavi,
Et extra me positus,
statim vigilavi,

The

The Divels answer.

71

THen all the divels
together loud did cry,
Too late, too late,
thou calleſt on thy God;
Here is no roome
for *Miſerere mei*:
No hope of eaſement
from this bitter rod.

72. Never henceforth ſhalt thou
the light behold,
Thou muſt be alter'd
to another hue:
Thou art a ſouldier
of our campe enrol'd;
Such is the comfort
that in hell is due.

The Author concludeth.

73

THen I awaked
full of feare,
And much amazed
my ſelfe did reare:

Mer-

Mox expansis madibus
ad Deum clamavi,
Orans ut me protegat
à pœna tam gravi.

74 *Et mundum cum frivolis*
suis condemnavi.
Aurum, gemmas, prædia
nihil reputavi.
Rebus transitorijs
abrenunciavi;
Et me Christi manibus
totum commendavi.

75 *Ecce mundus moritur*
vitio sepultus,
Ordo rerum vertitur,
sapiens fit stultus,
Exulat iustitia,
cessat Christi cultus,
Et in mundo iniquiter
labor & [illegible]multus.

76 *Mundus ad interitum*
pergit his diebus,
Dij facti sunt iterum
Iupiter & Phœbus.

To God I ſaid,
with folded hands,
O ſhield me from
ſuch grievous bands.

74, I left the world,
and it forſooke;
Of goods and lands
no care I tooke:
I did renounce each
worldly thing,
And gave my ſelfe
to Chriſt my King.

75. The world is drownd
in ſinne and vice,
All order chang'd,
not one man wiſe;
o th Iuſtice, and
religion, loſt,
And all the world
in turmoile toſt.

76. The world to ruine
runnes amaine,
Falſe gods are now
ſet up againe:

Nam qui mundum possidet
& abundat rebus,
Hic ut Deus colitur
sceptris, acibus.

77 *Et quæ theologicæ*
virtutes vocantur;
Fides, Spes, & Charitas,
ferè suffocantur.
Fraus, & avaritia,
& quæ derivantur
Ex his, iam in seculo
toto dominantur.

78 *Si sis ortu nobilis,*
si vultu serenus,
Si benignus, humilis,
moribus què plenus,
Hæc nil tibi proderunt,
si tu sis egenus.
Sola nam pecunia
formam dat & genus.

79 *Dummodo sim splendidis*
vestibus ornatus,
Et multa familia
sim circumvallatus,

Vnto the rich
their hands men hold,
He is the God
that hath the gold.

77. The vertues of
Divinity
Are chok't,
Faith, hope, and charity.
The brood of
covetiſe and craft,
Beare all the ſway,
and ſit aloft.

78. Be thou noble,
wiſe and faire,
Courteous,
lowly, debonaire,
And poore, thou maiſt
doe what thou can:
But onely money
makes the man.

79. If I be clad in rich array,
and well attended every day,
Both wiſe & good I ſhal be thoght
my kinred alſo ſhall be ſought.

Pru-

Prudens sim & sapiens
& morigeratus,
Ego tuus nepos sum,
tu meus cognatus.

80 *Ista cum defecerint,*
statim evanescit,
Nostra consanguinitas
morte refrigescit,
Cessatq; notitia,
ita quod me nescit,
Qui dum dives fueram,
surgens mihi cessit.

81 *O miranda vanitas!*
O divitiarum
Amor lamentabilis!
O virus amarum!
Cur tot viros inficis
faciendo earum
Hoc quod transit citius,
quàm flamma stuparum?

82 *Si mundus divitibus*
tria posset dare:
Iuventutem floridam,
& mortem vitare,

I am (ſay men)
the caſe is cleere,
Your coſen ſir,
a kinſman neere.

80. But if the world
doe change and frowne,
Our kinred is
no longer knowne:
Nor I remembred
any more,
By them that honoured
me before.

81. O vanity!
vile love of mucke,
Foule poyſon,
wherefore haſt thou ſtrucke
Thy ſelfe ſo deepe,
to raiſe ſo high,
Things vaniſhing
ſo ſuddenly?

82. For if the world
could three things give,
Luſty youth,
and long to live,

Pul-

Pulchram & durabilem
prolem procreare,
Bene possent divites
nummos congregare.

83

Homo miser cogita,
mors ista compescit.
Quis est ab initio
qui morti non cessit?
Hic si vivit hodie,
cras fortè putrescit.
Cuique prorsus hominum
parcere iam nescit.

84

Quando genus hominum
morti deputatur:
Quò post mortem transeat
quisquam, ignoratur,
Unde quidem sapiens
ista de se fatur:
Contremisco ingiter,
dum mens meditatur.

Chil-

Children ſtrong,
and faire of feature,
Riches then were
a good treaſure.

83

But know (poore foole)
theſe end with death,
From firſt till now,
all loſe their breath:
Living to day,
to morrow gone,
All fleſh muſt dye,
death ſpareth none.

84.

And as it's certaine all muſt dye,
So whither they goe,
none can diſcry.
Which made a wiſe-man
thus to ſay;
I quake and tremble night & day,
Firſt thinking of my preſent caſe,
Thē of that ſtrange & fearful place

Quid

Quid sum, & quò propero,
quid mihi paratur.

85

De morte dum cogito,
contrister & ploro,
Unum est, quòd moriar,
& tempus ignoro.
Tertium, quòd nescio,
quorum in ungar choro.
Sed, ut suis valeam
iungi Deum oro.

FINIS.

To

To which I muſt: but ſpecially
Of that which there's prepar'd for
(me.

85

Thinking of death I ſigh & weep,
For 3 things which in hart I keep,
That dye I muſt;
but know not when,
Nor who ſhall be my fellow then.
Therfore to thee (my God) I pray,
That I may live with thee for aye.

THE END.

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MANVALE
Catholicorum;
SIVE,
Enchiridion piarum
precum & Meditationum.

Ex vetuſtiſſimis Manuſcrip. pergamenis *deſcripta.*

Per GVLIEL. CRASH.

LONDINI,
Ex officina *I. B.* ſumptibus *Leonardi Becket.* 1631.

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A MANVALL for true *Catholicks*.

OR A HANDFVLL:

OR *Rather a heartfull of* holy Meditations and PRAYERS.

Gathered
Out of certaine ancient Manuſcripts, written 300. yeeres agoe, or more.

By WILLIAM CRASHAVN.

LONDON,
Printed for *Leonard Becket*, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop in the *Temple*, neere the *Church*.
1632.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Contents.

1. *A Holy and orthodoxall confeſsion of the Trinity;*
Th Father,
The Sonne, and
The Holy Ghoſt.
2. *A godly confeſsion of ſins, and prayer for pardon, and for eternall life.*
3. *A godly meditation of mans miſery, and Gods mercy, together with a devout prayer.*
4. *The manner of preparing ſicke perſons to death, in the ancient times, even in Popery.*

De Deo Patre, pia, & orthodoxa Confessio.

ALPHA & OMEGA, *Deus, Hely, Hely, Deus meus.*

Cuius virtus, totum posse:
Cuius sensus: totum nosse.

Cuius esse, summum bonum:
Cuius opus, quicquid bonum.

Super cuncta, subter cuncta:
Extra cuncta, intra cuncta.

Super cuncta, nec elatus,
Subter cuncta, nec substratus.

Extra cuncta, nec exclusus,
Intra cuncta, nec ineluſus.

Super totus præsidendo,
Subter totus sustinendo,

An Orthodoxall Confession of God the Father.

FIrſt and laſt, one God divine,
All mens God as well as mine.

In thy vertue all things framing,
In thy knowledge all containing.

In thine eſſence chiefeſt good;
Working all that is of good.

All ſupporting, all excelling,
Without all, yet in all dwelling.

All ſupporting undejected,
All excelling unaffected.

Without all, yet not excluded,
In all, never yet included.

Over all in Domination,
Vnder all in ſuſtentation.

Extra totus complectendo,
Intra totus es implendo.

Super nullo sustentaris,
Subter nullo fatigaris.

Extra usquam dilataris,
Intra nusquam coarctaris.

Mundum movens, non moveris,
Locum tenens non teneris.

Tempus mutans non mutaris,
Vaga firmans; non vagaris.

Vis externa vel necesse,
Non alternat tuum esse.

Heri nostrum cras & pridem,
Semper tibi nunc & idem.

Tuum decus hodiernum,
Indivisum sempiternum.

Tu hoc totum providisti,
Totum sinu perfecisti.

Ad exemplar summæ mentis,
Formam præbens elementis.

Compre-

Comprehending all without thee
Filling al things round about thee.

Nothing under thee can raiſe thee
Noghtaboue thee can debaſe thee.
Nought without, gives thee di- (menſion,
Noght within gives thee extẽſion.

Moving all, thy ſelfe abiding,
Placed without circumſcribing.

Changing time, thy ſelfe moſt ſta- (ble,
Varying all, invariable.

Force, neceſſity, nor art,
Alter thee in any part.

Time paſt, preſent, and to come,
Are one with thee, both al & ſome.

All the glory now thou haſt,
Vndiminiſht aye muſt laſt.

Onely thou art all fore-ſeeing,
Onely giving all their being.

As thy wiſedome did foreſhow,
Thou fram'dſt the elemẽts below.

De Ieſu Chriſto Deo & homine Confeſſio orthodoxa.

NAte Patri coæqualis,
Patri conſubſtantialis:

Patris ſplendor & figura,
Factor factus creatura.

Carnem noſtram induiſti,
Cauſam noſtram ſuſcepiſti.

Sempiternus temporalis,
Moriturus immortalis.

Verus homo, verus Deus,
Impermixtus homo Deus.

Patri compar Deitate,
Minor carnis veritate.

A holy and orthodoxal Confession of God the Sonne, Iesus Christ, the Saviour of Mankind.

SOnne thy Fathers peere in all,
With him consubstantiall.

His figure and his splendor pure,
Creator, made a creature.
Thou our humane flesh putst on,
Thou our cause hast undergone.

Temporall, yet time defying,
Ever living, yet once dying.

God and man without illusion,
Both in one without confusion,

The Father like in Deity,
But not in fleshly verity.

Hic

Hic assumptus est in Deum;
Nec consumptus propter Deum:

Non conversus hic in carnem,
Nec minutus propter carnem.

Deus pater tantum Dei,
Virgo mater sed & Dei.

In tam nova ligatura,
Sic utraq; stat natura.

Vt conservet quicquid erat,
Facta quiddam quod non erat.

Noster iste Mediator,
Iste noster Cogitator.

Circumcisus, Baptizatus,
Crucifixus, tumulatus:

Obdormivit & descendit,
Resurrexit & ascendit.

Sic ad cœlos elevatus,
Judicabit judicatus.

God humanity aſſuming, (ming
The ſame preſerving, not conſu-

The God-head in this union yet,
Of his God-head loſt no whit.

God to God, and not to th'other
Was father, but *Mary* to both was
(Mother.
Thus both natures kept their ſtatiō
In this wonderous Combination.

Preſerving in the Eſſence true
What was, and thence producing
(new.
This our Mediator is,
Our leader to the land of bliſſe.

Circumciz'd, baptiz'd by *Iohn*,
Suffered, buried, and upon
(ſcended,
The third day, whence he had de-
He roſe, & ſo to heaven aſcended.
(doth call,
Whence he ſhall come, when time
(Tho judg'd himſelf) to iudge us al

De eodem.

Quem nobis voluit
divina potentia Natum,
Quem natum sua fecerunt
miracula Notum.
Quem notum plebeia Cruci
vult concio Fixum,
Quemq; crucifixum,
voluit pia turba Sepultum.

Hunc Natum, Notum, fixum,
terraq; sepultum,
Sustulit in summum,
Divina potentia Cœlum.

of Christ againe.

HE whom Gods power for mankind
would have born,(
Whom borne, his miracles
proclaimed have,
Who thus proclaim'd, upon a
Crosse was torne,
To whom thus torne, the godly
buriall gave:

This Borne, proclaimed, torne,
entombed King,
Gods power againe, to heavenly
blisse did bring.

De Sancto Spiritu Confessio Orthodoxa.

Paracletus increatus,
Neq́ factus, neq́ natus.

Patri compar filioq́,
Sic procedit ab utroq́.

Ne sit minor potestate,
Vel discretus qualitate,

Quanti illi, tantus iste,
Quales illi, talis iste.

Ex quo illi, ex tunc iste,
Quantum illi, tantum iste.

Pater alter sed gignendo,
Natus alter, sed nascendo.

A true and orthodoxall Confession of the holy Ghost.

SPirit uncreated ever,
Never made, begotten never.

From the persons two proceeding
Full their equall, not exceeding.

Nor preferring them in Deity,
Nor several from them in quality.

In quantity all three combine,
In quality alike Divine.

With the Father and the Sonne,
Never ending nor begun.

One is Father, for he begot,
The Sonne one borne, al men wot.

Fla-

Flamen ab his procedendo,
Tres ſunt unum ſubſiſtendo.

Quiſq; trium plenus Deus,
Non tres tamen Dij, ſed unus.

In hoc Deo, Deo vero,
Tres & unum aſſevero.

Dans OVSIA *unitatem,*
Et perſonis trinitatem.

In perſonis nulla prior,
Nulla maior, nulla minor.

Vnaq; ſemper ipſa,
Sic eſt conſtans atq; fixa.

Vt nec in ſe varietur,
Nec in ullam tranſmutetur:

From

Frō theſe theſpirit proceeds alone
Thus one is three, & three are one.

Each of theſe is God truly,
Yet ſtil but one, & not Gods three.

But in this Deity, I aſſever,
A Trinity united ever.

In the ſubſtance is full unity,
In the Perſons, perfect Trinity.

But, in theſe that I have reckon'd,
None in power is firſt or ſecond.

But all as one we muſt adore,
Fixed and firme for evermore.

Nor in ſelfe for ever changed,
Nor from it ſelfe at all eſtranged.

Concluſio cum devotiſſima Precatione.

HÆc eſt fides orthodoxa,
Non hic error ſive noxa.

Sicut dico ſic & credo,
Nec in pravam partem cedo.

Inde veni bone Deus,
Ne deſperem quamvis reus.

Reus mortis non deſpero:
Sed in morte vitam quæro.

Quo te placeam non pretendo,
Niſi fidem quam defendo.

Fidem vides hac imploro,
Leva faſcem quo laboro.

The Concluſion with a devout and holy Prayer.

THis is Chriſtiã faith unfained,
Orthodoxall, true, unſtained.

As I teach, all underſtand,
Yeelding uno neither hand.

And in this my ſoules defence,
Reiect me not for mine offence:

Thogh deaths ſlave, yet deſperati-
I fly in death to ſeek ſalvation. (on

I have no meane thy love to gain,
But this faith which I maintaine.

This thou ſeeſt, nor will I ceaſe,
By this to beg for a releaſe.

Per hoc ſacrum cataplaſma,
Convaleſcat ægrum plaſma.

Extra portam iam delatum,
Iamiam fœtens, tumulatum.

Vitta ligat, lapis urget,
Sed ſi iubes, hic reſurget:

Iube, lapis revolvetur.
Iube, vitta diſrumpetur.

Exiturus neſcit moras,
Sitn clamas, Exi foras.

In hoc Salo, mea Ratis
Infeſtatur à Pyratis.

Hinc aſſultus, inde fluctus,
Hinc & inde mors & luctus.

Sed tu bone Nauta veni,
Poſt me ventos mare leni.

Fac abſcedant hi pyratæ,
Duc ad portum ſalva Rate.

Let this ſacred ſalve be bound
Vpon my ſores, to make them (ſound.
Though man be carried forth and
In his grave,& putrifying: (lying

Bound and hid from mortall eyes,
Yet if thou bid, he muſt ariſe:

At thy will the grave will open,
At thy wil his bonds are broken.

And forth he comes without delay
If thou but once bid, Come away.

In this ſea of dread and doubt,
My poore barke is toſt about

With ſtorms & Pirats, far & wide,
Death and woes on every ſide.

Come thou Steerſ-man ever bleſt,
Calme theſe winds, that me mo- (leſt:
Chaſe theſe ruthleſſe Pyrats hence
And ſhew me ſome ſafe reſidence.

In fœcunda mea ficus,
Cuius ramus, ramus ficcus.

Incidetur, incendetur,
Si promulgas quod meretur.

Sed hoc anno dimittetur,
Stercoretur, fodiatur.

Quod si nec dum respondebit,
Flens hæc dico, tunc ardebit.

Vetus hostis in me furit,
Aquis mersat flammis uritur.

Inde languens & afflictus,
Tibi soli sum relictus.

Vt hic hostis evanescat,
Vt infirmus convalescat.

Tu virtutem ieiunandi,
Des infirmo, des orandi.

Per hæc duo (Christe te sse)
Liberabor ab hac peste.

My trēe is fruitles, dry, & dead
All the boughs are withered.

Downe it muſt and to the fire,
If deſert have his due hire.

But ſpare it (Lord) another yeare,
With manuring it may beare.

If it then, be dead and dry,
Burne it, alas, what remedy?

Mine old foe aſſaults me ſore,
With fire and water more & more

Poore I, of all my ſtrength bereft,
Onely unto thee am left.

That my foe may hence be chaſed,
And I from ruins clawes releaſed.

Lord vouchſafe me every day,
Strength to faſt, and faith to pray.
Theſe two meanes thy ſelfe haſt taught,
To bring tēptatiōs force to noght.

Ab hac peste salve mentem,
Fac devotum pœnitentem.

Da timorem quo proiecto,
De salute nil coniecto,

Da spem, fidem, charitatem,
Da discretam pietatem.

Da contemptum terrenorum,
Appetitum supernorum.

Totum Deus in te spero,
Deus es, te totum quæro.

Tu lætus mea, meum bonum,
Mea cuncta tuum donum:

Tu solamen in labore,
Medicamen in languore.

Tu in luctu mea lyra,
Tu lenimen es in ira.

Tu in arcto liberator,
Tu in lapsu relevator.

Lord

Lord free my ſoule from ſins infe-
By repentances direction. (ction

Be thy feare in me abiding,
My ſoule to true ſalvation guiding.

Grant me faith, Lord, hope & love,
Zeale of heaven and things above.
(naught,
Teach mee prize the world at
On thy bliſſe be all my thought.

All my hopes on thee I found,
In whom all good things abound,

Thou art all my dignitie,
All I have, I have from thee,

Thou art my comfort in diſtreſſe,
Thou art my cure in heavineſſe:

Thou art my muſick in my ſadneſſe,
Thou art my medicine in my mad-
(neſſe.
Thou my freedom from my thral,
Thou my raiſer from my fall.

Me cum pertæs in labore,
Spem conservas in dolore:

Si quis ladit tu rependis,
Si minatur tu defendis.

Quod est anceps tu dissolvis,
Quod tegendum tu involvis.

Tu intrare me non sinas,
Infernales officinas.

Ubi mœror, ubi metus,
Ubi fœtor, ubi fletus.

Ubi probra detegnntur,
Ubi rei confunduntur:

Ubi tortor semper cædens:
Ubi vermis semper edens.

Ubi totum hoc perenne,
Procul sit hæc mors gehennæ.

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David *urbs tranquilla.*

In my labor thou relieves me,
Thou reformes what ever grieves (me.
Al my wrongs thy hand revēgeth
And from hurt my ſoul defendeth.

Thou my deepeſt doubts revealeſt
Thou my ſecret faults concealeſt. (ding
O do thou ſtay my feet from trea-
In paths to hel and horror leading:

Where eternall torment dwels,
With fears, and tears, & lothſome (ſmels.
Where mās deepeſt ſhame is ſoun-
And the gilty ſtil cōfounded. (ded
Where the ſcourge for ever bea- (teth,
And the worm that alwaies eateth

Where all thoſe endles do remain,
Lord preſerve us from this paine.

In Sion lodge me (Lord) for pitty,
Sion *Davids* Kingly Citty.

Cuius faber Auctor lucis,
Cuius porta, lignum Crucis.

Cuius claves, lingua Iesu,
Cuius cives, sine metu:

Cuius muri lapis vivus,
Cuius custos rex festivus:

In hac urbe lux solemnis?
Ver aternum, pax perennis.

In hac odor implens Cœlos,
In hac semper dulce melos.

Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela:

Non minuti, non deformes,
Omnes Christo sunt conformes:

Vrbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata:

Vrbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto:

Built

Built by him that's onely good,
whose gates be of the crosses wood
(word,
Whose keys are Christs undoubted
whose dwellers feare none but the
(Lord.
Whose wals are stone, strong,
quicke and bright,
whose keeper is the Lord of light.

Here the light doth never cease,
Endlesse spring, and endles peace.

Here is musicke, heavən filling,
Sweetnesse evermore distilling.

Here is neither spot nor taint,
No defect, nor no complaint.

No man crooked, great nor small,
But to Christ conformed all:

Blessed towne, divinely graced,
On a Rocke so strongly placed.

Seated sure from feare of warre:
I salute thy wals from farre.

Te ſaluto, te ſuſpiro,
Te affecto, te requiro.

Quantum tui gratulentur?
Quam feſtive conviventur?

Quis affectu eos ſtringat?
Aut quæ gemma muros pingat?

Quis Chalcedon, quis Iacinthus,
Norunt illi qui ſunt intus?

In plateis huius urbis,
Sociatus pijs turbis.

Cum Iob, Moſedec, & Elia,
Pium cantem, Allelviah.

Amen.

Thee

Thee I ſee, and thee I long for;
Thee I ſeek, and thee I grone for.

O what ioy thy dwellers taſt,
All in pleaſures firſt and laſt?

What full enioying bliſſe Divine,
What Iewels on thy wals do ſhine.

Ruby, Iacinth, Chalcedon,
Knowne to them within alone.

In this glorious Company
In the ſtreets of Sion, I

With *Iob*, *Moſes*, and *Eliah*,
Will ſing the heaveuly *Alleluiah*.

Amen.

Meditatio piissima, de hominis miseria, & Dei misericordia, una cum devota precatione.

VT inuendas
Cervus undas,
Æstuans desiderat;
Sic ad Deum,
Fontem verum,
Mens fidelis properat.

Sicut rivi
Fontis vivi
Prabent refrigerium,
Ita menti
Sitienti
Deus est remedium.

A holy medition of mans *misery, and Gods mercy, together with a devout Prayer.*

VVIth longing cheere.
The thirſty Deere,
doe ſeeke the brooke;
In ſuch a kinde,
The faithfull minde,
for God doth looke.

And as the Springs,
Refreſhment brings,
in drought and ſweat:
So God doth coole
The thirſty ſoule
in all her heat.

Quantis bonis,
super bonis,
Servos tuos Domine?
Lese ledit,
qui recedit
A superno lumine.

Vitam lætam
& quietam,
Qui te querit reperit:
sed laborem
& dolorem,
Metit qui te deserit.

Si pacem dones
& coronas,
His qui tecum militant:
Cuncta lata
fine meta,
his qui tecum habitant.

Heu quam vana
mens humana,
In sione falleris?

O Lord what floods
Of glorious goods,
doſt thou beſtow,
On thoſe that be
Thine? bleſt is he
that well doth know.

Eternall bliſſe,
His Guerdon is
that IESVS maketh,
His reſt, but he
Reapes miſery
that him forſaketh.

Thou mak'ſt them glorious
And victorious,
who ſerve thee well;
In endleſſe joy
From all annoy
with thee they dwell.

But oh humanity,
With how great vanity,
art thou beroſt?

Cum tè emris,
Nocituris,
Imprudenter ingeris.

Cur non cáves
Lapſus graves,
Quos perſuadet proditor.
Nec affectas
Vias rectas,
Quas oſtendit Conditor

Reſpiſcas
atq; diſcas
Cuius ſis originis:
Vbi degis,
Cuius legis,
Cuius ſis & ordinis:

Ne te ſpernes,
Sed diſcernes
Homo gemma regia:
Te perpende,
Et attende
Qua ſis fallus gratia.

To dote in care,
On things that are
so quickly loſt?

Why doſt thou yeeld,
And leave the field
to ſinnes invaſions?
Not well reſpecting,
But ill reiecting
thy Gods perſwaſions?

Open mine eyes,
And well adviſe
of whence thou art:
Thy life, thy birth,
Thy ſtate, thy worth,
obſerve each part.

From careleſneſſe
Thy ſelfe ſtill bleſſe,
O man, Gods Iewell:
How he placed thee,
And graced thee,
Obſerve and view well.

Recordare,
Quis, & quare
Sis a Deo conditus:
Cuius hæres
Nunc maneres,
Si fuisses subditus.

O Mortalis,
Quantis malis
Mersisti affici,
Cum Auctori,
& doctori
Nolusisti subjici!

Sed majores
Sunt dolores
Infernalis carceris,
Quo mittendus
Et torquendus,
Es, si male vixeris.

Cui mundus
Est jucundus,
Suam perdit animam:

To what intent,
Hath God thee ſent,
obſerve with care:
To whom (but pride
Drew thee aſide)
thou hadſt beene heyre.

O mortall ſonne,
Affliction
is thy due hire:
That broke the band
Of Gods command,
through vaine deſire.

But oh take heed,
Thoſe paines exceed,
that rule in hell:
Whoſe fire ſo cruell,
Hath thoſe for fuell,
that live not well.

The man that ioyes
In worldly toyes,
his ſoule orethrowes:

Pro re levi,
Atq; brevi,
Vitam perdit optimam.

Ergo cave,
Ne tam suave
Iugum spernens Domini:
Et abiecta
Lege recta,
Servias libidini.

Si sint plagæ,
Curam age,
Ut eurentur citius:
Ne si crescant
Et putrescant,
Pergas in deterius.

Ne desperes,
Nam coheres
Christi esse poteris:
Si carnales,
Quantum vales,
Affectus excluseris.

Re-

Reſpecting nought,
What Chriſt hath bought
full deare, God knowes.

Then never grudge,
If God thee iudge,
his yoke to beare:
Let not luſt draw
Thee from his law,
but hold it deare.

And ſoone apply
His remedy,
unto thy ſore:
Leſt it increaſe
To worſe diſeaſe,
and plague thee more.

Doe not deſpaire,
Thou maiſt be heire,
with Chriſt in ioy:
By caſting out
Corruptions root,
thy ſoules annoy.

Si formidas,
Ne diffidas,
Sed medelam postula:
Noxam plange,
Corpus ange,
Dilue piacula.

Si vivorum,
Et functorum,
Christum times Judicem:
Debes scire,
Quod perire,
Non vult suum supplicem.

Preces funde,
pectus tunde,
Flendo cor humilia:
Pœnitenti,
et gementi,
Non negatur venia.

Exorando,
Et laudando,
Jesum Christum memora.

Still feare thou must,
But not distrust,
and beg thy cure;
For error weepe,
Thy body keepe
lowly and pure.

If to thy feare,
Thy Iudge appeare
with angry face:
Know he will lose
Not one of those
that beg his grace.

Pray without rest,
And knocke thy brest,
humble thy minde:
All that bewaile
Their errors fraile,
have pardon sign'd.

And doe not spare,
In hymne and prayer,
Iesus to praise:

Nam delere
Potest vere,
Quæcunq; facinora.

Et si quando,
Te tentando
Durus serpens læserit:
Suspiranti,
Et oranti,
Iesus Christus aderit.

Quod si forte
Mortis porta,
Te vicinum senseris,
Crede tamen,
Quod in vamen,
Per eum receperis.

Hunc require
Qui lenire
Solet corda tristium:
Certus esto
Quod est presto,
Votis se precantium.

For mercie ſtill,
Is at his will,
at all aſſayes.

And when the devill,
The prince of evill,
attempteth thee:
Then if thou pray,
Chriſt wil not ſtay
to ſet thee free.

All be thou were,
To death moſt neere,
yet ſtill be ſure:
And underſtand
That his high hand
containes thy cure,

Be he thy queſt,
That gives all reſt
from reſtleſſe woes:
Who ſo adore,
And him implore,
ſhall come to thoſe.

Ipſe multos
Iam ſepultos
Fecit reviviſcere;
Hic averſos,
Et ſubverſos
Poteſt Deo iungere.

Ipſum ama,
Ad hunc tama,
Mentem tuam eleva:
Vt ſuſtentet,
Et præſentet
Te ad cœli gaudia.

Ipſum cole,
Vt de mole
Criminum te liberet:
Hunc apella,
Ne procella,
Vitiorum ſuperet.

Ipſum poſce,
Quem cognoſce,
Poſſe prorſus omnia:

For many an one
Dead long agone,
hath he revived:
And ſaved more
That were before
of grace deprived.

Be all thy love
On God above,
lift up thy ſpirit:
That thou mayſt taſt
The Saints repaſt
through his ſole merit.

And honour him,
That he from ſinne
may thee deliver,
That ſinnes increaſe
In thee may ceaſe,
In prayer perſever.

On him I call,
That all in all
hath in his power.

Vt evellat,
Et repellat,
Cuncta quæ sunt noxia.

Ipse donet,
Vt quod monet
Eius verbum faciam:
Vt finita,
Carnis vita,
Latus hunc assiciam.

Pater Deus,
Fili Deus,
Deus alma charitas,
Per æterna,
Nos guberna,
Secla Deus Trinitas.

Amen.

A-

Againſt all harme,
Be he mine arme,
my ſhield, my towre.

And this lives length
Vouchſafe us ſtrength
to keepe his heſt:
That at our end
We may aſcend
to endleſſe reſt:

Amen.

HEre followeth the meanes and manner how our fore-fathers in the time of Popery prepared themselves and others to dye, consisting first of the confession of their faith; and secondly, of the prayers which were made by them, and for them in their last sickneſſe, by which it may appeare that though they were miſ-led by the crafty Romiſh Clergy, in divers errors and ſuperſtitions; yet in the great point of the meanes of ſalvation, they were of our religion, and were ſaved by it.

Truly and verbatim *engliſhed out of the Latine, being an ancient Copy, and by any of that ſide unqueſtioned, and heretofore in that kind publiſhed:*

By W. CRASH.

Queſti-

Questions to be expounded to *sicke persons, whilst they have the use of reason, and power to speake, to the end that if any be not so well disposed to dye, hee may be better informed and prepared: and the questions be e hese, according to* Anselmne, *the reverend Bishop.*

1. Let him be asked thus:

BRother, dost thou reioyce that thou shalt dye in the faith of Christ?

A, I doe.

2. *Doest thou sorrow and grieve for that thou hast not lived so well as thou oughtest?*

A. I doe.

Q. *Hast thou a hearty purpose to live better, if God give thee time to live?*

A. I have.

Q. *Dost thou beleeve that thou canst not be saved, but by the death of Christ?*

A. I doe.

Q. *Doest thou beleeve that Iesus Christ the Sonne of God dyed for thee?*

A. I doe.

Q. *Doest thou give thankes to God therefore from thy whole heart?*

A. I doe.

Well then, good Brother, whilst thy soule is in thy body, give him hearty thankes, and settle al thy assurance upon his death alone: have no confidence in any thing else: trust thy selfe wholly to his passion,

passion, cover thy selfe wholly with it, fasten thy whole life on his Crosse, cast thy whole selfe into this sea: and if the Lord God say hee will judge thee; answere thou, Lord, I object the death of my Lord Iesus Christ, betwixt me and thy judgement: otherwise I will not contend with thee.

And if GOD say to thee, Thou art a sinner; answere, Lord, it is so, but I set the death of my Lord Iesus betwixt thee and my sinnes. If hee say, thou hast deserved damnation; answer, It is true, Lord, but I place the death and merits of my Lord Iesus Christ, betwixt thee and my ill deservings, and I offer up him and the most worthy merits of his passion, for the me-

rits which I ſhould have had, but alas, have not.

If the Lord ſay further, that he is angry with thee, anſwer; Lord, thou haſt cauſe, but I ſet the death and ſufferings of my Lord Ieſus Chriſt betwixt thy wrath and my ſoule. Then let him ſay thrice, *Lord, into thy hands I commit my ſpirit*: and if hee be ſo weake he cannot, let the company that ſtand by, ſay, *Lord, into thy hands we commend his ſoule.* And he that doeth this, is ſafe and ſure that he ſhal never taſte of eternall death.

Alſo

Alſo in another old booke *I find this written:*

THeſe bee the ſixe ſignes upon which a man may reſt confident of his ſalvation.

1. If hee beleeve the Articles of Chriſtian faith, as many as are determined by the Church.

2. If hee rejoyce to dye in the faith of Chriſt.

3: If he know that he have grievouſly offended God.

4. If he be heartily ſory for it.

5. If hee reſolve to forſake his ſinnes, if God give him leave.

6. If he hope and beleeve to come to eternall ſalvation, not by his owne merits, but by the merits of Ieſus Chriſt.

And *Anſelme* ſaith, that theſe ſixe queſtions are to bee asked of every one at the time of his death, and ſaith further thus:

Then ſay to the ſicke perſon, if Satan obiect any thing againſt thee, oppoſe thou the merits of Chriſt betwixt thee and him, and thus without all doubt he ſhall be ſaved.

This conſolation of the ſicke, and preparation to their death, is in auncient copies aſcribed to *Anſelme*, who lived more than 500. yeares agoe, even when Popery was almoſt growne to perfect age.

Now if any man make queſtion, how our fathers were ſaved

layed in these later and worse times, when Popery prevailed in a great measure. I answer, that even almost the same preparation, and same questions were used long after *Anselme*, even in the deepest darkenesse of Popery: for in the most evill time, about the Councell of *Constance*, some two hundred yeares agoe, thus I finde it written in an ancient book, and it is ascribed to *Gerson*.

Every

Euery Christian, whether *secular or regular, is thus to* be examined and informed *in his sickness touching his saluation.*

1. DOest thou beleeve all the principall Articles of faith, and all that is contained in the whole body of holy Scripture, according to the exposition of the Catholike and Orthodoxall Doctors of the holy Church? and doest thou detest all heresies and errors, and superstitions condemned or reproved by the Church? and

and art thou glad that thou dieſt in the faith of Chriſt, and unity and obedience of thy mother the Church?

2. Doeſt thou know and confeſſe, that thou haſt many waies, and grievouſly offended thy God, and thy Creator?

3. Doeſt thou ſorrow from thy whole heart, for all thy ſinnes committed againſt Gods Majeſty, his love and mercie? art thou truely ſorrowful for the evils that thou haſt committed, and the good that thou haſt omitted, and the grace that thou haſt neglected? and art thou agrieved not ſo much for feare of death or any puniſhment, as for that love that thou oughteſt to beare towards God?

4. Doeſt thou beg pardon for all theſe thy ſinnes, of Ieſus

Chriſt,

Christ, desiring that by him thy heart may be inlightned truely to see and know thy sinnes, that so thou mayst particularly and more seriously repent of them?

5 Doest thou propound and resolve truely to amend thy life, if so be thou live; and never hereafter to sinne so againe, but rather to lose any thing how deare soever unto thee, yea, even life it selfe, than to offend thy God againe?

6 Doest thou also desire of God grace to continue in this purpose, that thou mayest not fall againe?

7 Doest thou forgive from thy whole heart any that have done thee any wrong in word or deede, for the love of Christ Iesus our Lord and Saviour, and as thou hopest for par-

pardon from him? and doeſt thou heartily deſire to be forgiven of all men whom thou haſt any way offended?

8 Wilt thou that there be full reſtitution made according to thy power, yea, though it ſhould extend to thy whole eſtate, if otherwiſe there cannot bee ſatisfaction made?

9 Doeſt thou beleeve that Chriſt dyed for thee, and that thou canſt be ſaved no otherwiſe but by the merits of Jeſus Chriſt? and doeſt thou give God thanks for this from thy whole heart, as much as thou art able?

And whoſoever can give true anſwere to theſe queſtions affirmatively, out of a good conſcience, and faith

not

not fained; It is an evident and ſufficient teſtimonie of ſalvation, and let him not doubt, but if he ſo depart, he is one of them that ſhall be ſaved.

Behold here (good Reader) our Religion practiſed in the moſt miſty times of Popery: behold here the true, holy, Catholike, and ancient way to heaven: Namely, by Chriſt, and his merits alone. *Here is no truſting on mans merits, either our owne or others: here is no mention of* Agnus deis, *or* Wooden Crucifixes. *Hee is not bid to truſt in the prayers, ſuffrages, requiems, dirges, Maſſes, Trentals, or other obſequies that ſhall bee ſaid for him after his departure. Hee is ſent to no Angell, no nor to the Virgin* Mary, *for matter of Salvation: Nay, all are excluded,*

and

and Christs death alone, even it alone is made the meanes of his Salvation : And the makers hereof were so resolute, and zealous in this point, that they used such variety of words, as though they could not sufficiently expresse the excellency and the necessitie of cleaving to Christ alone *in the matter of salvation.*

And if any man suspect that this is but devised by us, and falsly fathered upon Antiquitie, let him know, that not onely wee have the ancient Copies, whose age will speake for themselves, but even the better sort of Papists, that bee learned, doe know this well enough.

Gasper Vlenbergius, in lib. de Causis. Causa 14. pag 462. editionis Colon. 1589.

A learned Papist of this age writeth, that in a Church in *Colaine* this very Booke is extant (Manuscript) and that hee hath seene it, and that this man-

manner of *comforting the ſicke, was uſed in former ages, and confeſſeth that it containes the very treaſure and kernell of Chriſtian Religion, and ſaith further, that this manner was uſed not in* Germany *onely, but over all the Chriſtian world. Indeed to the Ieſuites I confeſſe, this is held a ridiculous manner of comforting the ſicke, (ſuch a ſpirit poſſeſſeth them:) Thus doth* Gretzer, *their Champion, flout us* Lutherans, *(as he cals us) for thus doing.*

Iac. Gretzerus in refutat. Leyſeride hiſt. Ord. Ieſuit.

The *Lutherans* (ſaith hee) doe thus comfort their ſicke. Relicks, Crucifixes, Agnus dei's, and ſuch matters, are but dead things, and nothing worth, the Scripture hath not a word of them: it is therefore very ungodly to truſt in them, but God is our hope, and God is our ſtrength: truſt

in

in him, &c. On this wise fashion doe these godly comforters comfort their sicke persons.

Thus in the Iesuites iudgement it is but a silly course to trust in Gods mercy, and Christs merits in point of salvation: Hereby it may bee discerned of what spirit they are. But let them mock us, as long as with us they mocke the Scriptures, Antiquity, and the better sort of their owne side: for wee appeale to this that hath beene said, whether this manner of comforting the sicke, were not in use long before Luther *was borne.*

Now if any obiect, that in the same bookes there is mention of the Crucifixe, and that it is appointed to be in the presence of the sicke person: I answer, it is true, but not that he should worship it,

(as

Gregori de valent. Gretzerus. Vasquez, Chriſo a yiſit, &c.

(*as now the Ieſuites teach, and all the approved Romiſh writers*) *but that it may put him in minde of Chriſt, which though it bee a needleſſe ſuperſtition, yet it is not that impietie and Idolatrie, which now at this day is practiſed and maintained in the Romiſh Church: and my purpoſe is not to diſcharge thoſe times, nor our forefathers in thoſe times of errors, and ſuperſtitions, but of the idolatrie, impiety, and blaſphemie of the preſent Church of Rome. And the ſame anſwer is alſo to be given to another obiection: That in the ſame booke there are prayers to the Saints and Angels. It is ſo, and from that error thoſe ages cannot be cleared: but withall let us ſtill obſerve, that thoſe prayers are not to help them in matters of Salvation, (as are many blaſphemous prayers now*

u-

usuall in Popery,) and that sinne in those misty times (being a sin of ignorance) no doubt was pardoned unto them in the mercy of God, seeing that for their reconciliation with God, and eternall Salvation, they beleeved to attaine it onely by the merits and passion of Iesus Christ. But let not us feede on their infirmities, but lovingly passe by them, and let this content and comfort us, that their meanes of Salvation which they used and trusted unto, is the same with ours at this day: for better testemony whereof, let us set down some of their prayers, being such as the best Christian may use at this day with much comfort.

Certaine

Certaine prayers used by our forefathers in the darkest times of Poperie: in the time of a mans sickneſſe, ſome to bee made for the ſicke, and ſome by the ſicke perſon, gathered out of the ſame Antient books.

When the ſicke perſon feeles his ſtrength to faile, then let him commend his ſoule to God in this prayer.

O Moſt high and ſoveraigne God, whoſe goodneſſe and mercy is infinite,

nitie. O moſt glorious Trinity, which art love, and mercy, and goodneſſe it ſelfe, have mercy upon mee moſt miſerable ſinner, for unto thee, and unto thy hands I commend my Spirit: O Lord my moſt loving God, and Father of mercies, ſhew thy mercy on mee thy poore creature, and forſake me not in myl. ſt need: but ſtand with mee, and helpe my ſuccourleſſe ſoule, ſave my poore and delolate ſoule, that it bee not devoured of the infernall dogges.

O moſt loving Lord, and ſweete Saviour Ieſus Chriſt, the ſonne of the living God, I beſeech thee for thy honour, and by the vertue of thy moſt bleſſed paſſion, command that I may bee received into the number of thy Saints, and

ſer-

ſervants, O my Saviour and my redeemer, I here yeeld up my ſelfe wholly to thee: O grant mee thy grace and thy glory, vouchſafe mee pardon of my ſinne, and give mee a portion of thy glory. But O my deare Lord, I challenge not a place in heaven for any worthineſſe of mine owne merits, for I am but duſt and aſhes, and a moſt wretched ſinner; but for the vertue of thy moſt bleſſed paſſion, by which thou diddeſt vouchſafe to redeeme me miſerable man, and to purchaſe heaven for me, even with the price of thy precious blood; I beſeech thee therefore by the moſt bleſſed and bitter paſſion which thou ſuſtainedſt on the croſſe for me, eſpecially in that houre when thy bleſſed ſoule did

leave

leave thy body, that thou wouldeſt have mercy on my poore ſoule at the time of my departure.

Then let him liſt up his heart with ioy and thankeſgiving, and ſay, Lord, thou haſt broken my bonds, therfore I will offer to thee the ſacrifice of praiſe.

After, if his weakeneſſe grow ſo, that hee loſe the *uſe of his ſpeech, let ſome of* the by-ſtanders ſay theſe Prayers following, over *him, or more if he live ſo long.*

MErcifull God, and Father, wee beſeech thee for the multitude of thy mercies, looke favourably upon this thy ſervant, (our deare brother) who with true and hearty confeſſi-

on

on ſeekes pardon for all his ſinnes at the hand of thy mercies. O Lord, heare us for him, and we beſeech thee for him, moſt holy Father, to renue in his heart whatſoever is corrupted by the frailty of his fleſh, and reſtore that grace, which the wily and malicious enemy the devill hath ſtolne out of his ſoule: O Lord, recall him to the unity of thy Church, ingraft him into the body of thy Sonne: O Lord, take pitty of the ſighes and ſobs of his ſoule, and grones of his heart: O Lord, look upon his teares, gather them into thy bottle, and bee good to him, who hath no hope, comfort, nor confidence but in thy mercy, ſeale up the aſſurance of his reconciliation with thee, O moſt holy father, wee

humbly commend the ſoule of this thy ſervant, and our brother, into the hands of thy unmeaſurable mercies, humbly beſeeching thee, according to the greatneſſe of that love in which the bleſſed ſoule of thy Sonne did commend it ſelfe into thy hands, that for the worthineſſe of that infinit love of thine, in which thou diddeſt receive that holy ſoule unto thy ſelfe, thou wouldeſt vouchſafe in this our brothers laſt houre, to receive his poore ſoule alſo, and make it partaker of the ſame love.

And thou moſt ſweet Saviour and moſt merciful Lord Ieſus, thou that dying on the Croſſe, waſt ſo preſſed with anguiſh and torments for us, as made thee ſound out that pitifull voyce unto thy Father,

My

My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me? wee beſech thee eſtrange not thy ſelfe, and turne not away thy face from thy ſervant our brother, now in the houre of his ſoules affliction, when his ſtrength faileth, and his ſpirits are ſo ſpent, that he cannot call upon thee: heare us, O Lord, heare us for him, and for that thy glorious victory, in which thou diddeſt triumph on the Croſſe, and for thy precious paſſion and bitter death, think of him the thoughts of mercy and not of juſtice: ſhed thy mercies in his ſoule, and ſpeak comfortably to his conſcience, deliver his ſoule out of all ſpirituall diſeaſes, ſave him from the torments due unto his deſervings, and bring him for thine owne merits ſake, to.

eternall reſt. O Lord Ieſus Chriſt, which didſt redeeme us with thy precious bloud, write with thine owne bloud in the ſoule, and ingrave thy wounds in the heart of this thy ſervant, that in them hee may ſee and reade thy doleſull ſufferings, and thy ſweete love. thy ſufferings, that they may be effectuall to ranſome him from thoſe ſorrowes and torments which he hath merited by his ſin: thy love, that it may unite his heart to thee, in inviſible and inſeparable bonds, ſo as he may never be ſeparated from thee, nor thy Saints, for ever and ever.

And Lord Ieſus Chriſt, we beſeech thee make his ſoule partaker of all the merits of thy moſt ſacred incarnation, paſſion, reſurrection and aſcenſion,

cenſion, make him partaker of the vertue of thy moſt bleſſed Sacraments, and all thy holy myſteries : make him partaker of all thy prayers and good deedes done in thy whole Church ; make him partaker of all thy bleſſings, graces, and comforts of all thy elect; and grant that with them all, hee may live in thy preſence for evermore ; O Lord, which powredſt out thy prayers for us on the Mount Olivet, and ſwatſt water and bloud ; wee beſeech thee, let that precious bloud of thine, which thou diddeſt ſo abundantly powre out for our ſalvation, let it be preſented and offered to thy Father, to ſtand againſt the multitude of the ſinnes of this thy ſervant, our brother: Lord, be with him at

his laſt houre, and then delive[r] him from the anguiſh and torments which for his ſinnes hee may juſtly feare. Graciouſly receive his ſoule in the houre of his departure, open the gate of heaven unto him, and give him a portion with thy Saints in glory for thy owne moſt glorious merit, O Lord Ieſus Chriſt, who with God the father, and the holy Ghoſt, liveſt, and reigneſt one God for evermore,

Amen.

And

And when the ſicke mans *ſtrength begins to faile, and the ſoule is ready to depart, then let the ſoule be commended to God, by one of the by-ſtanders, on this manner.*

The commendation of the ſoule, to bee ſaid at a *mans death.*

I Here commend thee to almighty God, moſt deare brother; and I commit thee to him whoſe creature

thou art: goe forth therefore O Christian soule; get thee gone out of this filthy world, goe forth in the name of the Almighty Father, who created thee: In the name of Iesus Christ, who dyed for thee: In the name of the holy Ghost who hath beene powred out upon thee. And when thou, happy soule, art delivered out of the prison of the body, the glorious Quire of heavenly Angels meete thee, and the company of all holy Saints entertaine thee, the loving countenance, and cheerefull grace of Iesus Christ shine upon thee: a mercifull Iudge be he unto thee, that thou maist have sentence to sit for ever amongst his Saints, on his right hand: thy dwelling bee in peace, and thy habitation in

the heavenly Ieruſalem for evermore: farre be it from thee ever to feele, or know, how horrible the darkeneſſe, how terrible the flame, and how intolerable the torments of hell are. Satan and all his helliſh guard, bee they confounded at thy preſence; and if he dare ſet upon thee, victory and triumph bee on thy ſide, ſhame and trembling fall upon him: from the preſence of Gods Angels, be hee baniſhed into the blacke miſts and confuſed Chaos of eternall darkeneſſe. But let the Lord ariſe, and let his enemies bee ſcattered; as the ſmoake vaniſheth, ſo let them flye away. But let the juſt be exalted and rejoyce in the preſence of the Lord: let the infernall legions not dare to touch thee,

nor all Sathans hell-hounds presume to hinder thee, and he who disdained not to dye for thee, bee hee thy Saviour and deliverer from all spiritu-all vexation. Be the gates of Paradise open unto thee, and thy Christ give thee thy place and mansion in the same. And he that is the true Pastor and great shepheard of the sheep, acknowledge thee for one of his true sheepe, and receive thee into his fold. IESVS Christ absolve thee from all thy sinnes, and place thee on his right hand amongst his elect, that there thou mayest see thy redeemer face to face, and in the societie of blessed soules mayest enjoy the comforts of heavenly comtemplation, and the blessed vision of God for ever and ever, *Amen.*

A Meditation of Saint *Bernard*, sweet and comfortable to fore-runne a happy end.

DVlcissime Iesu Christe, sit ultimum verbum tuum in cruce, ultimum verbum meum in hac luce, & amplius fari non possum, exaudi finale cordis desiderium.

In Engliſh.

SWeet Ieſus Chriſt, let thy laſt words upon thy Croſſe be my laſt upon my couch, and when I can ſpeake no more, Lord, heare the vtmoſt deſire of my heart.

To the Reader.

SEE Christian brother, how in the worst times they were prepared to dye, and commended to God: if the ancient books did not proclaime this truth, some would not beleeve but that they had beene made in this latter time. But seeing the truth cannot be denied, I desire thee with me to observe these few collections arising out of due consideration of the premises.

1. Here

1. Here is answer to that great question, how our forefathers were saved, even by the same faith as wee are at this day.

2 How truely *Christ* performed his promise: namely, that the gates of hell should not prevaile against the true faith, for so wee see that in the vilest times this faith hath beene preserved.

3 Observe how here is no touch, nor once mention of Purgatory, nor of any thing to bee done for their good after this life.

4 Here is no relation to any pardons or indulgences from the Pope.

5 Here is no necessity laid downe of sending for a Priest to bring his Hoste, and his Pix, and his holy-water, and his

his Taper: Theſe matters, it ſeemes, are rather commanded and preſſed upon the people, by the Romiſh Clergie, then much regarded by the wiſer, and godlier ſort of our forefathers; neither are they commanded to ſtay till the Prieſt come, but (ſaith the booke) let theſe prayers bee ſaid, and the Commendation of his ſoule, by one of the byſtanders.

Laſtly, let it bee obſerved, that in all theſe prayers, and commendations, and queſtions (and theſe ſaith the booke are all that bee of neceſſity to be ſaid) here is not one ſmack of Popiſh Idolatry, or ſuperſtition.

In theſe reſpects I have thought it no needeleſſe labour to communicate theſe

to

to thee (deare brother) I know there be ſtore of godly Prayers and Meditations already extant. But theſe are of a ſpeciall uſe more than others, and are venerable for their antiquity, and are to be the more welcome, becauſe God preſerved them in the hands of our very enemies. And though they were mingled with other thiegs not ſo good, yet let us know, as S. *Hierome* tells us, that it is no ſmall point of wiſedome, to ſeeke out gold out of mire and clay Make uſe of theſe, and helpe mee with thy prayers, and thou ſhalt ſhortly, if God permit, be partaker of more.

Hereafter followeth an addition of ſome new and late formes, and models of Prayer for ſundry occaſions and purpoſes.

At

At thy uprising, thus or in like manner commend *thy selfe to God, saying;*

GRant, O good Father, that of thy mercy hast brought me to the beginning of this day, that in this same I may rise, and so walke in my calling, that thy name may be glorified, my conscience discharged, thy servant comforted, and all good men incouraged by my example, for thy deare sonnes sake, Amen.

Before

Before thy going out, *thus meditate.*

Morning meditation.

1. THat many have gone out of their houſes able, and well, that have ne're returned backe alive, as for ought thou knoweſt may befall thee.

2 Remember that thy conſcience ſhall be the more quieter in the night, when thou ſha't call to minde thou haſt begunne in the Lord, and ſo carefully diſcharged thy duty in the day.

3 That to goe forth into the world, is to encounter with

with many troubles, to passe some dangers, and to performe many duties, and therfore rush not forrh into such an undertaking, before thou hast thus, or in like manner prayed to God to assist thee, without whose blessings and favour towards thee, thou undertakest in vaine, for thy labour will not prosper.

That

That done, thou must thus *further call upon God in thy Morning Prayer.*

MOst gracious God, and merciful Father, we render unto thee most humble and hearty thankes, for all thy benefits thou hast from time to time bestowed upon us, as for the quiet rest and repose thou hast this night given us, to the refreshing and strengthening of our wearied bodies and minds; so we beseech thee likewise being thus renewed, and taken up from that image of death, that laid us in our beds,

beds, the repreſentation of our graves, to conſider the waſte of time, our owne lives, and decay of all ſublunarie things, how with their eaſie lengths, their ſpannes and faddomes, ſince the commandement was firſt giuen, *Let there bee day, and night, and times, and ſeaſons*: they have brought age and maturitie, the ſythes and ſickles that have reaped down whole harveſts of fleſh, and laid generations in the duſt. Teach us, O Lord, with this remembrance, to weigh our mortalitie, and ſo to frame our lives and actions thereafter, that whenſoever thy good will and pleaſure is to binde up our bones in peace and reſt, wee may yeeld up our ſoules and bodies into thy hands with

with full confidence and assurance that our sins are washed away, in the bloud of that pure and immaculate Lambe, Christ Iesus, and shall not condemne us. And to that end prosper us, wee pray thee, in all our actions, and give good successe to our true endevours, and then wee shall not attempt in vaine: and grant that this day, and all the daies of our life hereafter, may bee so accomplished by thy counsell, favour and direction, that wee may so beare our selves throughout this vale of misery, that at the last we may reigne with thee in glory, Amen.

Eucning Moditations be-*fore thy going to bed.*

1. REmember that many goe to bed, and never rise againe, till they be awaked by the sound of the last trumpet; and therefore presume not to close thine eyes, till thou hast committed thy selfe into the hands of God by Prayer.

2 At the putting off of thy cloathes, thinke that the day is comming, when thou must be as barely unstript of al thou hast, as thou doest now thy

ſelfe of thy cloathes.

3 Fixing thine eyes upon thy bed, let it put thee in minde of thy grave; thy bed-cloathes, of the molde of the earth, that muſt cover thee; the ſheetes, of thy winding-ſheet; thy ſleepe, thy death; thy waking, thy reſurrection.

Then at thy lying downe, thou maiſt thus addreſſe thy ſelfe up to God, ſaying:

Into thy hands, moſt mercifull Father, I commend my ſoule and body this night and evermore: be mercifull, gracious and good unto me, bleſſe me, ſave me, preſerve and keepe me for thy deare mercy ſake,

Amen.

Or

Or thus further with David *thou mayest pray.*

I Will lay mee downe and I rest in peace in thy mercie, for it is thou Lord onely that makest me dwell in safety.

Evening Prayer to be said *either before or after thy going into bed.*

O Eternall God, and omnipotent Father, which art the Lord of heaven and earth, of Angels and men, Principalities and Powers, light and darkeneſſe, day and night, in whoſe hands is contained that over-flow of goodneſſe, that filleth all the empty and indigent creatures in the world, who ordaineſt times and ſeaſons, ſucceſſions and diſcents, old age and childe-hood, a beginning and an ending, a reſt and labour, a per-

perpetuall motion and change over all things in the world: the lively witneſſe whereof is this day, which not many houres ſince broke out of darkeneſſe, and cleared the world with her light, and the Sunne aroſe as a bride-groome out of his chamber, and rejoycing as a Gyant to runne his courſe, whoſe beames are now ſteeped in darkeneſſe, the true reſemblance of all earthly glory, and tranſitory pleaſures and delights, which have their increaſe, their height, and ſudden decreaſe againe, being no continuance in any thing under the Sunne: and by this motion and change, the time is now come that thou haſt appointed for reſt, which, O Lord, ſo give unto us, wee pray thee,

that thereby wee may be inabled to walke more carefully in those duties and callings thou hast appointed us. And further we beseech thee, that as the night darkeneth and shadowethall things, that they are unseene: so for thy deare Christs sake, thou wilt hide all our sinnes from thy sight, that they never be brought to judgement with us; ever so remembring us, that we never forget that fearefull and finall account that must be rendered unto thee, at the day of thy appearing: that as our bodies having the rest of sleepe this night, so, our mindes, through thy mercy in Iesus Christ, may enjoy the rest of a quiet conscience for ever: and to that end let thy mercy and prouidence so watch o-

ver

ver us, that as our actions in the day, so our thoughts, nor our imaginations, neither watching, nor sleeping this night, may bee such as may displease thee; but that all may tend to the good of our soules and bodies, and the honour and glory of thy great name, and that for Christ Iesus sake, *Amen*. In whose most blessed name we conclude this our imperfect Prayer, in that absolute forme of Prayer that thy blessed Son hath taught us to honour thee, saying: *Our Father, &c.*

A godly Prayer to be said at all times.

O Lord my God, what may I render unto thee as an acceptable sacrifice, for all the benefits thou hast bestowed upon me? for my Election, Redemption, Sanctification, and Preservation from my youth unto this present day, and houre; that thou hast indued me with health, strength, knowledge, continency, when so many more worthy than I, in mine owne eyes, are denied of these thy good favours: for all

all which I can give no reason for, but thy good pleasure: and if thou shouldest take all backe againe, I have nothing to say, but that thou art just: yet, O Lord, to these many I intreat thee adde this more, that I may keepe a heart that may truly acknowledge them, and a tongue that may thankefully prayse thee for them all the dayes of my life, and to that end I beseech thee, protect mee from all evill that may hurt mee, from all sinne that may offend thee: be thou assistant to all my good indevours, purposes and intentions, and let thy good Spirit so rule my heart, that all that I shall doe, thinke or speake, may be to thy glory, and the good of all men; give me, O Lord, a charitable

heart to relieve thee in thy members, a compaſſionate heart, to make other mens infirmities mine owne; a beleeving heart, that thy promiſes are yea, and Amen. And ſo blinde me not, O Lord, with the carnall man, that though I beleeve thou wilt one day raiſe my body from the bed of darkeneſſe, when thou ſhalt ſay to the ſea, Give; and to the earth, Reſtore my ſons and daughters, when no creature ſhall bee able to keepe backe one bone that it hath received, that I ſhould deſpaire in thee for a cruſt of bread in temporall maintenance, and endevour. Bee neare, O Lord, unto all ſuch as faithfully call upon thy name, comfort all ſuch as bee ſicke, or comfortleſſe, and by

daily,

daily, and hourely presidents of death, and mortalitie before mine eyes; teach mee to bee mindefull of mine owne end, and to make my preparation by faith, and repentance thereafter: that whether I live or dye, I may rest with thee in thy eternall glory, through Iesus Christ, my onely Saviour and Redeemer.

Amen.

Agure

Agurs *Prayer for content.*

O Lord, give mee neither poverty, nor riches; feed me with food convenient, leſt I be too full, and deny thee; and ſay, Who is the Lord? or leſt I be poore and ſteale, and ſo take the name of my God invaine; and if I aske any thing which is evill, deny my ignorance; if I aske any thing which is good, remember thy promiſe.

Saint

Saint *Austines* Prayer.

Miserere mei Domine, indigna facientis, & digna patientis.

English.

BE mercifull unto mee, O God, doing unworthily unto thee; and yet receiving that from thee, that more worthy than I, are denied at thy hands: O Lord, continue this mercy, and let not my unthankfulnesse wearie out thy goodnesse, for thy tender patient mercies sake, *Amen.*

A thankesgiving unto God the Father.

LEt all true Christians say, and acknowledge with one heart, and mouth: say also with them, O my soule, say in this mortall body, without this mortall body, Glory, honour, and praise be unto thee, most mercifull God, throughout all ages and generations of the world, which hast not spared thine onely Sonne, but offered him up a bleeding Sacrifice, for the sinnes of thy people, given him to death, even to the death of the Crosse, for most wretched man-kinde, to that end that through

through him, wee might bee saved, and delivered from destruction, and brought into the libertie of everlasting life: grant unto us, by thy spirit, that wee may perfect, and continue in this thy grace and favour, for ever and ever, *Amen*.

Another short ejaculatory Prayer, *English* and *Latine*.

O *Deus omnium miserationum Pater, te precor, ut abissus misericordiæ tuæ absorbeat abissum peccatorum meorum.*

O Father of goodnesse and mercy, I humbly intreat thee, that the depth of thy mercy may swallow up the depth of my sinnes.

Martin.

Martin Luthers Prayer.

COnfirm in us, O God, that which thou haſt wroght, and finiſh the worke thou haſt begun in us, to the glory of thy name, and the ſaving of our ſoules, at the dreadfull day of thy viſitation, for thy deare mercies ſake, *Amen.*

A few ſhort remembrances, or moſt materiall rules of *good life, for the practice of every true Chriſtian, here inſerted.*

1. FEare God: for not to feare him, is to feare every thing.

2. Love thy brother; for if thou

thou love not him whom thou haſt ſeene, how ſhalt thou love him whom thou haſt not ſeene.

3. Bee charitable to the poore, which is to relieve Chriſt in his members, and be not greatly curious, ſo thou knoweſt them no notorious ill livers; for if *Lot* had beene ſo in the entertainement of his ſtrangers, hee had not received Angels inſtead of men: and withall, becauſe it is better to give many counterfeits, than that one truly needie ſhould depart unrelieved.

4. Sweare not, but what thou truly knoweſt: as to manifeſt a doubtfull truth, and that upon urgent occaſion: for by an oath may God be greatly honoured, or diſhonored. Honoured, as when wee ſhall

bring

bring him to testifie a truth, which is himselfe the God of truth: dishonor, whē we bring him to witnesse a false-hood, which whosoever doth, the Lord will not hold him guiltlesse. And to avoyd this, make conscience of thy word, and it shall be to thee as an oath, for it is the man that gives credit to the oath, more then the oath to the man.

5 Perswade thy selfe, rather than thy friend, to keepe thy counsell: and whatsoever discord shal arise betwixt thee and him; as thou tendereſt the reputation of an honest heart, never let malice in hatred make thee to reveale that which love and friendship before bound thee to conceale.

6 Hate no man, no not thy enemie, lest God love him; for

for to hate where he loves, is a fearefull oppoſition.

7 Whatſoever is deare unto thy bodie, forbeare it, being any way prejudiciall to thy ſoule.

8 Deſire in any thing, rather to bee in ſubſtance without ſhew, than in ſhew without ſubſtance.

9 Deſire to live godly, though poorely in this world: for hee that ungodlily dyes rich, ſhall have many mourners to his grave, but few comforters at his judgement.

10 Think of God with wonder, ſpeake to God with reverence, ſerve him in love, obey him in feare, and doe nothing but as in his preſence & ſight, and thou ſhalt live the life of the godly, and goe the way of the bleſſed, live in his feare, and die in his favour. *In.*

In laudem operis, & Authoris.

WHat attribut's worth thy deserving paine,
(Deare friend)
since thy endevour bleſſeth us,
Whoſe serious houres,
ſpent onely to reclaime
The ſtubborne, ſtiffe-
necke, and idolatrous?
For what their fathers
gathered with much care,
For holy penitentiall legacies,
Children pervert the deads
will, and prepare,

Hardneſſe

Hardneſſe of heart
for their Apoſtaſies,
Get boldly forwarde,
though they indge like Dan,
Our people with the
gall of bitternesſe:
Yet vnto them be a Samaritan,
Powre oyle into their wounds
with cheerefulneſſe:
And bleſſ be thy indeuour,
and each thought,
Till to the promiſ'd Land
thy ſpirit be brought.

W: Lort.

A

A conclusion to the *Author* and his Booke.

TRadition and anti-
quitie the ground,
Whereon that erring
Church doth so relye,
Breakes out a light,
from darkenesse, to confound
The novell Doctrine
of their heresie,
Which plaine by these
most sensible degrees,
Doth point the wayes
it hath digrest to fall;
Where each observing
iudgement plainely sees,
From good to bad,
from bad, to worst of all,
It is arriv'd.
so that it can aspire,

Obscure,

Obſcure, deface, ſup-
preſſe, doe what it may,
To blinde this truth,
to no ſtep any higher,
By any policie
it can eſſay.
Theſe holy Hymnes
ſtuft with religious zeale,
And meditations
of moſt pious uſe,
Able their whole to wound,
our wounded heale:
Free from impiety,
or leaſt abuſe.
Blot out all merit,
in our ſelves we have,
And onely, ſolely,
doe on Chriſt relye.
Offer not Prayers
for thoſe are in the grave:
Nor unto Saints that heare not,
doe not cry.
Then in a word,
ſince God hath thee preſerv'd

From

From the Inquisitors
most cruell rage,
Though in their worth
they else might have deserv'd,
To passe among the good
things of this age:
Yet are in this respect
of more regard,
Since God would have them
to these times appeare,
So many having perisht,
and be heard
With more true zeale,
that God hath kept so deare.
By all which I conclude:
from thine owne heart,
Thou wicked servant,
that might know and would not:
He hath discharg'd himselfe
in all and part,
That would have cur'd
your Babel, but hee could not.

D. L.

FINIS.

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